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Aristophanes
The Birds

DEDICATION
OF
THE GREEK THEATRE

(OPEN-AIR AUDITORIUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA)

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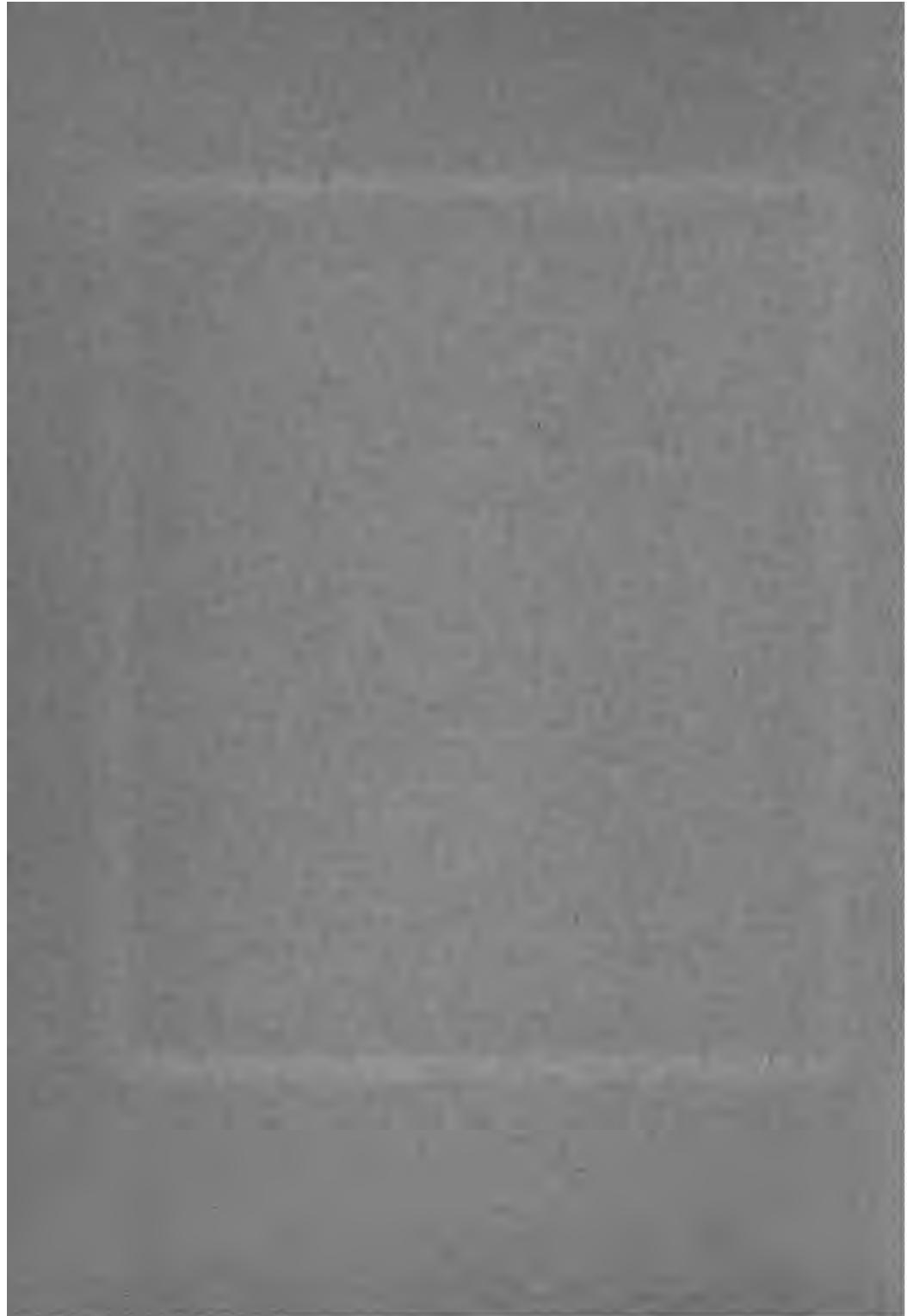
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ΟΡΝΙΘΩΝ ΕΚΛΟΓΑΙ

—
SCENES

FROM THE

BIRDS OF ARISTOPHANES

THE TRANSLATION
BY
ISAAC FLAGG

BERKELEY
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
1903

THE MASKS.

PISTHETAERUS

EUELPIDES

MESSENGERS

IRIS

PROMETHEUS

CHORUS OF BIRDS

POSEIDON

HERACLES

TRIBALLUS

THE ARGUMENT.

Two Athenians, **PISTHETAERUS** (Chickwin) and **EUELPIDES** (Hopegood), tired of the humdrum life in their native city, choose to migrate and cast in their lot with the birds. By the eloquence of Chickwin the birds have been persuaded to build a city in the air, declare themselves independent of both gods and men, and assert their ancient prerogative of the sovereignty of the universe. While the two men are occupied in the inner sanctuary, whither they have withdrawn to be *fledged*, the bird-chorus, in the "Parabasis," present their manifesto to the public.

PARABASIS.

(Translated by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.)

Come on then ye dwellers by nature in darkness, and like to the leaves' generations,
That are little of might, that are moulded of mire, unenduring and shadow-like nations,
Poor plumeless ephemerals, comfortless mortals, as visions of shadows fast fleeing,
Lift up your mind unto us that are deathless, and dateless the date of our being:

Us, children of heaven, ageless for aye, us, all of whose thoughts are eternal;
That ye may from henceforth, having heard of us all things aright as to matters supernal,
Of the being of birds, and beginning of gods, and of streams, and the dark beyond reaching,
Truthfully knowing aright, in my name bid Prodius pack with his preaching.
It was Chaos and Night at the first, and the blackness of darkness, and Hell's broad border,
Earth was not, nor air, neither heaven; when in depths of the womb of the dark without order
First thing first-born of the black-plumed night was a wind-egg hatched in her bosom,
Whence timely with seasons revolving again sweet Love burst out as a blossom,
Gold wings gleaming forth of his back, like whirlwinds gustily turning.
He, after his wedlock with Chaos, whose wings are of darkness, in Hell broad-burning,
For his nestlings begat him the race of us first, and upraised us to light new-lighted,
And before this was not the race of the gods, until all things by Love were united:
And of kind united with kind in communion of nature the sky and the sea are
Brought forth, and the earth and the race of the gods everlasting and blest. So that we are
Far away the most ancient of all things blest. And that we are of Love's generation
There are manifest manifold signs. We have wings, and with us have the Loves habitation;
And manifold fair young folk that foreswore love once, ere the bloom of them ended,

Have the men that pursued and desired them subdued, by the help of
us only befriended,
With such baits as a quail, a flamingo, a goose, or a cock's comb
staring and splendid.

All best good things that befall men come from us birds, as is plain
to all reason;

For first we proclaim and make known to them spring, and the winter
and autumn in season:

Bid sow, when the crane starts clanging for Afric, in shrill-voiced
emigrant number,

And calls to the pilot to hang up his rudder again for the season, and
slumber;

And then weave cloak for Orestes the thief, lest he strip men of theirs
if it freezes.

And again thereafter the kite reappearing announces a change in the
breezes,

And that here is the season for shearing your sheep of their spring
wool. Then does the swallow

Give you notice to sell your greatcoat, and provide something light
for the heat that's to follow.

Thus are we as Ammon or Delphi unto you, Dodona, nay, Phœbus
Apollo.

For, as first ye come all to get auguries of birds, even such is in all
things your carriage,

Be the matter a matter of trade or of earning your bread, or of any
one's marriage.

And all things we lay to the charge of a bird that belongs to discerning
prediction:

Winged fame is a bird, as you reckon; you sneeze, and the sign 's as
a bird for conviction:

All tokens are 'birds' with you—sounds too, and lackeys, and
donkeys. Then must it not follow

That we ARE to you all as the manifest godhead that speaks in
prophetic Apollo!

In the following scenes and songs, from the latter part of the comedy of the Birds, Aristophanes, while holding constantly to the fanciful dramatic illusion of a winged community and a city in the air, has introduced, after his usual manner, a great many witty allusions of a local and personal character, besides reminiscences and travesties of the famous literature of his time. Such passages cannot, of course, impress the modern reader as forcibly as they must have impressed the contemporaries of the poet in the Dionysiac theatre at Athens; still less can their effect be adequately conveyed by means of a translation into a modern tongue.

IRIS, personification of the rainbow, messenger of the gods of Heaven, is a familiar figure to readers of the Iliad of Homer. We can well understand the surprise and indignation manifested by the goddess, when in Scene IV. she is intercepted on her flight down to Earth, informed that she is guilty of trespass, and called upon to show her passport.

PROMETHEUS, a god of the fallen dynasty of the Titans, sentenced by Zeus, for stealing fire and bestowing it as a gift upon mortals, to be chained to a cliff of Mt. Caucasus and preyed upon eternally by a ravenous vulture, is known to readers of Aeschylus as a type of lofty courage, sublime endurance, and a proudly defiant spirit. As he appears in Scene V. Prometheus has clearly deteriorated in respect to some of the nobler qualities of the soul, while his hatred for the gods of the Zeus administration, and his love for men—and birds, remain undiminished.

POSEIDON, god of the sea, and HERACLES, the mighty hero and demi-god, introduced in Scene VI. as ambassadors of Zeus to the birds, are typical, in the comic representation, the former of the elegant Athenian aristocracy, the latter of a class that would include the professional athlete and the sporting man.—*Triballus*, the third member of the divine commission, supposed to represent a hitherto unknown race of foreign gods, is a pure invention of Aristophanes; the name being taken from the Triballoi, a semi-barbarous people inhabiting lands near the Danube, the district of the modern Servia and Bulgaria.

Birds of the air enjoy superior opportunities of sight-seeing. During the brief intervals following Scenes IV. and V. the bird-chorus descend upon wonders seen by them in unheard-of lands. But the lands and the wonders are familiar places and persons, comically transformed.—*Cleonymus*, a sycophant, a poltroon and coward withal, who had thrown away his shield in battle, is celebrated as an exotic of marvellous characteristics.—*Orestes*, a famous footpad, nicknamed after the heroic son of Agamemnon, haunts a locality where street lamps are as far apart as trees in the Desert of Sahara. Be it remembered that what the ancient highwayman demanded of his victims was their *clothing* rather than their money.—*Socrates*, the seedy, the soul-compelling sage, is found in charge of *lost souls*, of which, apparently, his cadaverous friend and disciple *Chaerephon* is one. To their comic Lake Avernus comes *Peisander*, demagogue and shifty politician, aiming to recover, after the Homeric method, his *own soul*, while yet in life; as in the *Odyssey* of Homer *Odysseus* is enabled to communicate with the inmates of the Underworld by means of a blood-offering which attracts them from their shadowy abodes.—The Sycophants, or common informers, who subsisted largely by intimidating well-to-do and quiet-loving citizens with trumped-up charges and suits at law, were an especial object of the comic poets' scorn and satire. The names *Gorgias* and *Philippus* occur as representative of this class, and against them, as often at the expense of other butts of comedy, the insinuation of foreign extraction, or spurious claim to citizenship, is thrown out.

Very frequent likewise in the comedies of Aristophanes are brief witty allusions to notorious individuals in the course of the dialogue: such as the mention of the boasters Theogenes, Aeschines, and Proxenides; Cleisthenes, the effeminate; Laespodias, who, to conceal some natural defect of person, wore his mantle in a peculiar manner; and Execestides, a foreigner who had stolen an aristocratic name and by some fraud attained to Athenian citizenship. The poet would instruct his actors to ascertain where the victims of these sudden sallies were seated among the spectators in the theatre, that the opportunity might not be missed of pointing significantly at each person at the proper moment in the performance of the play.

The Old Comedy of Athens made extensive use of parody as an instrument of wit and satire: sometimes quoting and humorously perverting familiar passages of the national epic, lyric, and dramatic poetry; at other times imitating, with more or less of exaggeration, the manner of serious verse, especially the style and tone of tragedy. Illustrations of tragic parody are afforded by the warnings of Iris and the response thereto, near the end of Scene IV., also by the words of the messenger at the beginning of Scene VII.

The Grand Finale of the Birds may serve to remind us that Aristophanes, while by pre-eminence a comic poet, was likewise an acknowledged master of the lyrical art, pure and simple. Many of his songs, quite free from any admixture of the grotesque or humorous element, are charming creations of bright fancy and airy grace, couched in language of surpassing melody and sweetness. In this regard he has been justly compared to our own Shakspeare,

"Fancy's child,
"Warbling his native woodnotes wild."

A.

Πι. ταυτὶ τοιαυτὶ· μὰ Δὶ ἐγὼ μὲν πρᾶγμά πω
γελοιότερον οὐκ εἶδον οὐδεπώποτε.

Ευ. ἐπὶ τῷ γελᾷ;

Πι. ἐπὶ τοῖσι σοῖς ὀκυπτέροις.
οἰσθ' φιλοτεροῦστος·
εἰς εὐτέλειαν χηνὸν συγγεγραμμένῳ.

Ευ. σὺ δὲ κοψίχῳ γε σκάφιον ἀποτειλμένῳ.

Πι. ταυτὶ μὲν ἡκάσμεσθα κατὰ τὸν Αἰσχύλον.
“τάδ' οὐχ ὑπὸ ἄλλων ἀλλὰ τοῖς αὐτῶν πτεροῖς.”

Χο. ἄγε δὴ τί χρὴ δρᾶν;

Πι. πρῶτον ὄνομα τῇ πόλει
θέσθαι τι μέγα καὶ κλεινόν, εἴτα τοῖς θεοῖς
θῦσαι μετὰ τοῦτο.

Ευ. ταῦτα κάμοὶ συνδοκεῖ.

Χο. φέρ' ἵδω, τί δ' ἡμῖν τούνομ' ἔσται τῇ πόλει;

Ευ. βούλεσθε τὸ μέγα τοῦτο τούκ Λακεδαιμονος
Σπάρτην ὄνομα καλῶμεν αὐτήν;

SCENE I.

Enter PISTHETAERUS and EUELPIDES, fledged.

Pisth. So far, so good! I swear I never saw
A funnier exhibition in my life!

Eu. Why, what do you see to laugh at?

Pisth. Your pinfeathers.
Do you know what you look like, fitted out with wings?—
The counterfeit presentment of a goose.

Eu. And you like a blackbird! You must have worn a bowl
When last the barbers trimm'd your sorry poll.

Pisth. [To the spectators.] Our model for these gibes is Aeschylus:
"Lo, mine own feathers wing'd the fatal shaft!"

LEADER OF CHORUS.

Chor. Hey, now! What's to be done?

Pisth. First give the city
A great and famous name. Then, offer sacrifice
To the new gods.

Eu. My sentiments exactly!

Chor. But come, say, what name shall our city have?

Eu. Will you take that mighty one from Lacedaemon,
And name it Sparta?

Πι.

‘Ηράκλεις·

Σπάρτην γὰρ ἀν θείμην ἐγὼ τῆμῇ πόλει;
οὐδ' ἀν χαμεύνη πάνι γε κειρίαν γ' ἔχων.

Ευ. τί δῆτ' ὅνομ' αὐτῇ θησάμεσθ';

Χο. έντευθενὶ¹

ἐκ τῶν νεφελῶν καὶ τῶν μετεώρων χωρίων
χαῦνόν τι πάνι.

Πι. βούλει Νεφελοκοκκυγίαν;

Χο. ίοὺς ίού-

καλόν γ' ἀτεχνῶς σὺ καὶ μέγ' ηὔρεις τοῦνομα.

Ευ. ἀρ' ἔστιν αὐτηγὶ Νεφελοκοκκυγία,
ἴνα καὶ τὰ Θεογένους τὰ πολλὰ χρήματα
τά τ' Αἰσχίνου γ' ἄπαντα;

Πι. καὶ λόρτον μὲν οὖν
τὸ Φλέγρας πεδίον, ἵν' οἱ θεοὶ τοὺς γηγενεῖς
ἀλαζονεύμενοι καθυπερηκόντισαν.

Χο. λιπαρὸν τὸ χρῆμα τῆς πόλεως. τίς δαὶ θεὸς
πολιοῦχος ἔσται; τῷ ξανούμεν τὸν πέπλον;

Ευ. τί δ' οὐκ 'Αθηναίαν ἔθμεν Πολιάδα;

Πι. καὶ πῶς ἀν ἔτι γένοιτ' ἀν εὔτακτος πόλις,
ὅπου θεὸς γυνὴ γεγονῦνα πανοπλίαν
ἔστηκ' ἔχουσα, Κλεισθένης δὲ κερκίδα;

Ευ. τίς δαὶ καθέξει τῆς πόλεως τὸ Πελαργικόν;

Χο. ὅρνις ἀφ' ήμῶν τοῦ γένους τοῦ Περσικοῦ,
ὅσπερ λέγεται δεινότατος εἶναι πανταχοῦ
Ἄρεως νεοττός.

Pisth.

Heracles, not I!

Think you I'd put up with sparring in *my* city?

I'd sooner take a ship's spar to a bedstead!

Eu. What shall we call it, then?

Chor. Something from right here,
From the clouds and the upper regions of the air.

Something right puffy.

Pisth. How about *Cloudcuckootown*?

Chor. Hurrah, hurrah!
You have found a great big downright splendid name!

Eu. Is it the Cloudcuckootown where those braggarts,
Theogenes and Aeschines, maintain
Their vast estates?

Pisth. Or, better still, the place
Known as the plain of Phlegra, where the gods beat
The earth-born giants in a boasting-match!

Chor. A slick thing of a city! What god, pray,
Shall guard it, and take our offering of the robe?

Eu. Well, why not let Athena still be guardian?

Pisth. Indeed, is such a thing conceivable?—
An orderly community, where a woman
Stands in full armor as the guardian god,
And leaves the shuttle to Sissy Cleisthenes!

Eu. Who is to take the wall in charge?

Chor. A bird of Persian breed we have among us,
A fighter, deem'd the doughtiest in the world
Of Ares' chickens.

Ευ. ω νεοττὲ δέσποτα·
ώς δ' ὁ θεὸς ἐπιτήδειος οἰκεῖν ἐπὶ πετρῶν.

Πι. ἄγε νῦν σὺ μὲν βάδιζε πρὸς τὸν ἀέρα
καὶ τοῖσι τειχίζουσι παραδιακόνει,
χάλικας παραφόρει, πηλὸν ἀπὸδὺς ὅργασον,
λεκάνην ἀνένευκε, κατάπεος ἀπὸ τῆς κλιμακος,
φύλακας κατάστησαι, τὸ πῦρ ἔγκρυπττ' ἀεί,
κωδωνοφορῶν περίτρεχε καὶ κάθευδ' ἔκει·
κτίρυκα δὲ πέμψον τὸν μὲν ἐς θεοὺς ἄινο,
ἔτερον δ' ἄνωθεν αὖ παρ' ἀνθρώπους κάτω,
κάκειθεν αὐθὶς παρ' ἔμε.

Εν. σὺ δέ γ' αὐτοῦ μένων
οἴμως επαρ' ἔμ'.

Πι. ιθ' ωγάθ' οἱ πέμπω σ' ἐγώ.
οὐδὲν γὰρ ἄνευ σοῦ τῶνδ' ἀ λέγω πεπράξεται.
ἐγώ δὲ θύσω τοῖσι καινοῖσιν θεοῖς.

Eu. My Lord Chick, all-hail!
A deity well pick'd to roost on rocks.

Pisth. [To EUCLIPIDES.] Here you, be off! March into the air, and stand
Ready to help the builders of the wall.
Keep them in rubble; strip, and wet the mortar;
Up with the hod; down tumble from the ladder;
Set the night watches; be sure and bank the fires;
Run round bell-ringing; lie down and go to sleep there!
Send off two heralds: one to the gods above,
Another down to mortal men on earth;
Then back and report to me.

Eu. And you stay here
And be hang'd!—to me.

Pisth. Go straight, sir, where I send you.
Nothing whereof I speak will be done without you.—
For my part, I'll go forth, and at the altars
Of these new gods will offer sacrifice.

B.

Πι. τὰ μὲν ίέρ' ἡμῖν ἔστιν ὁρυθεις καλά·
ἀλλ' ὡς ἀπὸ τοῦ τείχους πάρεστιν ἄγγελος
οὐδεὶς, ὃτου πευσόμεθα τάκει πράγματα.
ἀλλ' οὐτοσὶ τρέχει τις Ἀλφεὶν πνέων.

’Αγ. ποῦ ποῦ ’στι, ποῦ ποῦ ποῦ ’στι, ποῦ ποῦ ποῦ ’στι,
ποῦ,
ποῦ Πισθέταιρός ἔστιν ἄρχων;

Πι. οὐτοσὶ.

’Αγ. ἔξφοδόμηταί σοι τὸ τείχος.

Πι. εὖ λέγεις.

’Αγ. κάλλιστον ἔργον καὶ μεγαλοπρεπέστατον·
ῶστ’ ἀν ἐπάνω μὲν Προξενίδης ὁ Κομπασεὺς
καὶ Θεογένης ἐναντίω δύ’ ἄρματε,
ἴππων ὑπόντων μέγεθος ὅσον ὁ δούριος,
ὑπὸ τοῦ πλάτους ἀν παρελασαίτην.

Πι. Ήράκλεις.

’Αγ. τὸ δὲ μῆκός ἔστι, καὶ γὰρ ἐμέτρησ’ αὐτὸν ἐγώ,
έκατοντορόγυιον.

SCENE II.

Enter PISTHETAERUS.

Pisth. Our sacrifices prosper, fellow birds;
But as for tidings from the wall, how comes it
No messenger is yet on hand to post us?
Ah, here's a runner, puffing Olympic records!

Enter a Messenger, panting.

Mess. Where—where—where is he!—where—where is he! where—
Where's Chickwin, the bird manager!—where!

Pisth. Right here.

Mess. Your wall's all built and finish'd.

Pisth. Bravo! Well done!

Mess. A most magnificent affair! On top
It's wide enough for Proxenus of Bragtown,
And Theogenes, to drive past one another
In chariots drawn by horses of the size
Of the wooden horse of Troy.

Pisth. Lord Heracles!

Mess. And the height (I measured it myself) counts up
Six-hundred feet!

Πι. ω Πόσειδον τοῦ μάκρους.
τίνες φάκοδόμησαν αὐτὸ τηλικουτονί;

Αγ. ὅρνιθες, οὐδεὶς ἄλλος, οὐκ Αἰγύπτιος
πλινθοφόρος, οὐ λιθουργός, οὐ τέκτων παρῆν,
ἀλλ' αὐτόχειρες, ὅστε θαυμάζειν ἐμέ.
ἐκ μέν γε Λιβύης ἡκον ὡς τρισμύριαι
γέρανοι θεμελίους καταπεπωκύναι λίθους.
τούτους δ' ἐτύκιζον αἱ κρέκες τοῖς ρύγχεσιν.
ἔτεροι δ' ἐπλινθοφόρουν πελαργοὶ μύριοι·
ὑδωρ δ' ἐφόρουν κάτωθεν ἐς τὸν ἀέρα
οἱ χαραδριοὶ καὶ τάλλα ποτάμι' ὅρνεα.

Πι. ἐπηλοφόρουν δ' αὐτοῖσι τίνες;
Αγ. οὐδεὶς
λεκάναισι.

Πι. τὸν δὲ πηλὸν ἐνεβάλλοντο πῶς;
Αγ. τοῦτ' ὁγάθ' ἐξηύρητο καὶ σοφώτατα·
οἱ χῆνες ὑποτύπτοντες ὥσπερ ταῖς ἄμαις
ἐς τὰς λεκάνας ἐνέβαλλον αὐτοῖς τοῦν ποδοῖν.

Πι. τί δῆτα πόδες ἀν οὐκ ἀν ἐργασαίατο;
Αγ. καὶ νὴ Διὸς αἱ νῆτταί γε περιεξωσμέναι
ἐπλινθοφόρουν· ἄνω δὲ τὸν ὑπαγωγέα
ἐπέτοντ' ἔχουσαι κατόπιν ὥσπερ παιδία
τὸν πηλὸν ἐν τοῖς στόμασιν αἱ χελιδόνες.

Πι. τί δῆτα μισθωτοὺς ἀν ἔτι μισθοῖτό τις;
φέρ' ἵδω, τί δαί; τὰ ξύλινα τοῦ τείχους τίνες
ἀπειργάσαντ';

Pisth. Poseidon, what a height!
Who built the wall so big?

Mess. Birds, and birds only!
No bricklayer from Egypt, no stonemason, no joiner!
Birds, with their own hands, an amazing thing!
From Libya there came cranes, some thirty-thousand,
Each with a paving-stone inside her belly,
That she had swallow'd for ballast. These stones the rails
Hew'd with their bills to the right shape for building.
Another stork contingent of ten-thousand
Made brick, with bitterns and other aquatic birds
To carry the water up into the air.

Pisth. Who brought the clay up for them?

Mess. Pelicans,
In their pouches.

Pisth. How was it shovel'd in?

Mess. That, sir,
Was most ingeniously devis'd: the geese
Got down, and, digging under in spade fashion,
They fill'd the pouches by shoveling with their feet.

Pisth. Well, after that, what feat can seem surprising?

Mess. The ducks, moreover, tied aprons round their necks
And carried the brick. Tomtits came flying behind
With the trowels; while the mortar for it all
Was fetch'd by swallows, a mouthful at a time.

Pisth. Dear me, what use are hired men any longer?—
Let's see, what next? Who finish'd the timber work
For the fortress?

’Αγ. ορνιθες ἡσαν τέκτονες
σοφώτατοι πελεκάντες, οἱ τοῖς ρύγχεσιν
ἀπεπελέκησαν τὰς πύλας· ἦν δὲ ὁ κτύπος
αὐτῶν πελεκώντων ὥσπερ ἐν ναυπηγίῳ.
καὶ νῦν ἅπαντ’ ἐκεῖνα πεπύλωται πύλαις
καὶ βεβαλάνωται καὶ φυλάττεται κύκλῳ,
ἔφοδεύεται, κωδωνοφορεῖται, πανταχῷ
φυλακαὶ καθεστήκασι καὶ φρυκτωρίαι
ἐν τοῖς πύργοις. ἀλλ’ ἐγὼ μὲν ἀποτρέχων
ἀπονίψομαι· σὺ δὲ αὐτὸς ἥδη τᾶλλα δρᾶ.

Χο. οὗτος τί ποιεῖς; ἀρά θαυμάζεις ὅτι
οὗτοι τὸ τείχος ἐκτείχισται ταχύ;

Πι. οὐκοῦς θεοὺς ἔγωγε· καὶ γὰρ ἄξιον·
ἴσα γὰρ ἀληθῶς φαίνεται μοι ψεύδεσιν.
ἀλλ’ ὅδε φύλαξ γὰρ τῶν ἐκεῖθεν ἄγγελος
ἐσθεὶ πρὸς ἡμᾶς δεῦρο πυρρίχην βλέπων.

Mess. Bird carpenters, a clever lot
Of woodpeckers, using their beaks to hew
The gates and shape them. You might hear a din
As in a shipyard, while they peck'd away.
And now the gate-making up there is all finish'd.
All's barr'd and bolted and guarded round about;
Patrols and bell-ringers all on hand; night watches
Station'd, and fire-signals kindled in the towers.—
But I'll run out and get a wash. What still
Remains to be done, attend to that yourself.

LEADER OF CHORUS.

Chor. [To PISTHETÆBUS.] Ho, what's the matter there! Are you
lost in wonder,
That the fortification was foisted up so quickly?
Pisth. Ay, that I am! It's worthy of wonder. It seems
In very truth just like a mass of fiction.—
But here comes one of the guards with tidings for us,
Running in with blood and thunder in his eye!

Γ.

Αγ. ίον ἰού, ίον ἰού, ίον ἰού.

Πι. τί τὸ πρᾶγμα τουτί;

Αγ. δεινότατα πεπόνθαμεν.

τῶν γὰρ θεῶν τις ἄρτι τῶν παρὰ τοῦ Διὸς

διὰ τῶν πυλῶν εἰσέπτετ' ἐς τὸν ἀέρα,

λαθὼν κολοιὸς φύλακας ἡμεροσκόπους.

Πι. ὁ δεινὸν ἔργον καὶ σχέτλιον εἰργασμένος.

τίς τῶν θεῶν;

Αγ. οὐκ ἵσμεν· ὅτι δ' εἰχε πτερά,
τοῦτ' ἵσμεν.

Πι. οὐκον δῆτα περιπόλους ἔχρην
πέμψαι κατ' αὐτὸν εὐθύν;

Αγ. ἀλλ' ἐπέμψαμεν
τρισμυρίους ἱέρακας ἵπποτοξότας,
χωρεῖ δὲ πᾶς τις ὄνυχας ἡγκυλωμένος,
κερχνῆς τριόρχης γὺνι κύμινδις αἰετός·
ρύμη τε καὶ πτεροῖσι καὶ ροιζήμασιν
αἰθῆρ δονεῖται τοῦ θεοῦ ζητουμένου·
καστ' οὐ μακρὰν ἅπωθεν, ἀλλ' ἐνταῦθά που
ηδη στίν.

Πι. οὐκον σφενδόνας δεῖ λαμβάνειν
καὶ τόξα; χώρει δεῦρο πᾶς ὑπηρέτης·
τόξευε παῖε, σφενδόνην τίς μοι δότω.

SCENE III.

Enter a Messenger, running.

Mess. Murder! Oho! stop thief! Oho, oho!

Pisth. What's all this bother?

Mess. A shame, a perfect outrage!

Some one of the late gods, one of the Zeus persuasion,
Has flown in thro' the gates, into our air,
Dodging the jackdaw pickets and the scouts.

Pisth. O damnable offence! The infamous sinner!
Which one of the gods?

Mess. We don't know. That it had wings,
We know that only.

Pisth. You should have sent, straightway,
Rangers, to run him down.

Mess. We did send off
Mounted jayhawkers, thirty-thousand strong.
Just everything with crook'd claws is abroad,
Kite, vulture, eagle, every mother's son.
The swirling, swishing of their pinions makes
The welkin shiver, a-searching out that god.
And it's not far off; it must be, even now,
Somewhere close by!

Pisth. Ho, slings here! Take your bows
And arrows! Every private report for duty!
Shoot, shoot! Let fly! Hey, pass me up a sling!

Δ.

Πι. αὕτη σύ, ποὶ ποὶ ποὶ πέτει; μέν' ἡσυχος,
ἔχ' ἀτρέμας· αὐτοῦ στῆθ· ἐπίσχεις τοῦ δρόμου.
τίς εἰ; ποδαπή; λέγειν ἐχρῆν ὅπόθεν πότ' εἰ.

Ιρ. παρὰ τῶν θεῶν ἔγωγε τῶν Ὀλυμπίων.

Πι. δονομα δέ σοι τί ἐστι; πλοίον ἡ κυνῆ;

Ιρ. Ἰρις ταχεῖα.

Πι. Πάραλος ἡ Σαλαμινία;

Ιρ. τί δὲ τοῦτο;

Πι. ταυτηνί τις οὐ συλλήψεται
ἀναπτόμενος τρίορχος;

Ιρ. ἐμὲ συλλήψεται;
τί ποτ' ἐστὶ τουτὶ τὸ κακόν;

Πι. οἰμώξει μακρά.

Ιρ. ἄτοπον γε τουτὶ πρᾶγμα.

Πι. κατὰ πολας πύλας
εἰσῆλθεις ἐς τὸ τεῦχος ὁ μαρωτάτη;

Ιρ. οὐκ οἶδα μὰ Δλ' ἔγωγε κατὰ πολας πύλας.

Πι. ἡκουσας αὐτῆς οἰον εἰρωνεύεται;
πρὸς τοὺς κολοιάρχας προσῆλθεις; οὐ λέγεις;
σφραγίδ' ᔁχεις παρὰ τῶν πελαργῶν;

Ιρ. τί τὸ κακόν.

SCENE IV.

Enter IRIS, flying.

Pisth. Ho, you she! Where, where, where're you flying? Hold still;
Keep quiet; stand there; let up on that run, I say!
What ship is that? Heave to, and tell where you hail from!

Iris. From the gods am I, the great gods of Olympus.

Pisth. What name do you sport? Are you sailboat or sun-bonnet?

Iris. Iris, the speedy.

Pisth. Reliance, or Defender?

Iris. What does this mean?

Pisth. Won't some cockatoo fly up
And take this woman in tow?

Iris. Take me in tow!

What insolence is this?

Pisth. O, you will catch it!

Iris. How perfectly ridiculous!

Pisth. By what gate
Did you come into the city, you dirty creature?

Iris. Upon my word I don't know by what gate!

Pisth. Do you hear her, now!—pretending she doesn't know!—
Have you call'd at the kingbird's office!—Can't you speak!—
Got a pass from the peacocks?

Iris. Mercy! what means this outrage?

Πι. οὐκ ἔλαβες;

Ιρ. οὐγαίνεις μέν;

Πι. οὐδὲ σύμβολον

ἐπέβαλεν ὀρυζίθαρχος οὐδεὶς σοι παρών;

Ιρ. μὰ Δί' οὐκ ἔμοιγ' ἐπέβαλεν οὐδεὶς ὡς μέλε.

Πι. καπειτα δῆθ' οὗτω σιωπῆ διαπέτει
διὰ τῆς πόλεως τῆς ἀλλοτρίας καὶ τοῦ χάους;

Ιρ. ποίᾳ γὰρ ἄλλη χρὴ πέτεσθαι τοὺς θεούς;

Πι. οὐκ οἶδα μὰ Δί' ἔγωγε τῆδε μὲν γὰρ οὕ.
ἀδικεῖς δὲ καὶ νῦν. ἀρά γ' οἰσθα τοῦθ' ὅτι
δικαιότατ' ἀν ληφθεῖσα πασῶν Ἰριδῶν
ἀπέθανες, εἰ τῆς ἀξίας ἐτύγχανες;

Ιρ. ἀλλ' ἀθάνατός εἰμι.

Πι. ἀλλ' ὅμως ἀν ἀπέθανες.

δεινότατα γάρ τοι πεισόμεσθ', ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ,
εἰ τῶν μὲν ἄλλων ἄρχομεν, ὑμεῖς δὲ οἱ θεοὶ¹
ἀκολαστανεῖτε, κούδέπω γνώσεσθ' ὅτι
ἀκροατέον ὑμῖν ἐν μέρει τῶν κρειττόνων.

φράσον δέ τοί μοι τὰ πτέρυγε ποῖ ναυστολεῖς;

Ιρ. ἔγω; πρὸς ἀνθρώπους πέτομαι παρὰ τοῦ πατρὸς
φράσονσα θύειν τοῖς Ὀλυμπίοις θεοῖς
μηλοσφαγεῖν τε βουθύτοις ἐπ' ἐσχάραις
κνισᾶν τ' ἀγυιάς.

Πι. τέ σὺ λέγεις; ποίοις θεοῖς;

Ιρ. ποιοῖσιν; ἡμῖν τοῖς ἐν οὐρανῷ θεοῖς.

Πι. θεοὶ γὰρ ὑμεῖς;

Pisth. Haven't you got one?

Iris. Are you in your senses?

Pisth. Haven't you been

With a buzzard boss and had yourself stamp'd properly?

Iris. Sir, nobody has stamp'd *me*, I'd have you know!

Pisth. So then, do you thus go flying, without a word,
Thro' foreign territory and this air-space of ours?

Iris. Why, what other way, pray, are the gods to fly?

Pisth. Upon my word I don't know—only not this way.

You're a trespasser already. Do you know what you,

Of all the Irises, deserve most richly?

By rights, you'd be arrested and die the death.

Iris. But I am immortal!

Pisth. You'd mortify all the same!—

This is just outrageous treatment, it seems to me,

If we're to rule all other people, but you gods

Are going to run riot, and never will remember

That your turn has come to hearken to your betters.—

But let's know, whither you're steering those two wings?

Iris. Whither? I fly to mortals, from my father,

To bid them sacrifice to the Olympian gods,

Staining sheep-altars with the blood of kine,

Making the highways fragrant.

Pisth. Ah, to what gods?

Iris. What gods? Indeed, ourselves, the gods of Heaven!

Pisth. So, are *you* gods?

Ιρ. τίς γάρ ἐστ' ἄλλος θεός;

Πι. ὅρνιθες ἀνθρώποισι νῦν είσιν θεοί,
οἵς θυτέον αὐτούς, ἀλλὰ μὰ Δλ' οὐ τῷ Διὶ.

Ιρ. ω μῶρε μῶρε μὴ θεῶν κίνει φρένας
δεινάς, ὅπως μή σου γένος πανώλεθρον
Διὸς μακέλλη πᾶν ἀναστρέψῃ Δίκη,
λιγὺς δὲ σῶμα καὶ δόμων περιπτυχάς
καταιθαλώσῃ σου Λικυμνίαις βολαῖς.

Πι. ἄκουσον αὕτη παῦε τῶν παφλασμάτων
ἔχ' ἀτρέμα. φέρ' ἵδω, πότερα Λυδὸν ἢ Φρύγα
tautὶ λέγοντα μορμολύττεσθαι δοκεῖς;
ἀρ' οἰσθ' ὅτι Ζεὺς εἴ με λυπήσει πέρα,
μελαθρα μὲν αὐτοῦ καὶ δόμους Ἀμφίονος
καταιθαλώσω πυρφόροισιν αἰέτοῖς;
πέμψω δὲ πορφυρίωνας ἐς τὸν οὐρανὸν
ὅρνις ἐπ' αὐτὸν παρδαλᾶς ἐνημμένους
πλεῖν ἔξακοσίους τὸν ἀριθμόν. καὶ δή ποτε
εἰς Πορφυρίων αὐτῷ παρέσχε πράγματα.
σὺ δ' εἴ με λυπήσεις, διαλήψομαι .

τὴν Ἰριν αὐτήν, ὡστε θαυμάζειν ἐμέ.

Ιρ. διαρραγείης ω μέλ' αὐτοῖς ῥήμασιν.

Πι. οὐκ ἀποσοβήσεις; οὐ ταχέως; εὐράξ πατάξ.

Ιρ. ἡ μήν σε παύσει τῆς ὑβρεως ούμδος πατήρ.

Πι. οἴμοι τάλας. οὔκουν ἐτέρωσε πετομένη
καταιθαλώσεις τῶν νεωτέρων τινά;

Iris.

Why, what god is there else?

Pisth. Birds, at the present time, are gods for men;
To birds they must sacrifice, not — by Zeus! — to Zeus!

Iris. O fool, fool, move not thou celestial minds
To wrath, lest with the mattock of great Zeus
Retributive Justice fell thee, root and branch;
Black fires incinerate thy house and body,
And their integuments, with Licymnian bolts!

Pisth. Jade, harkee! Cease thy tragic splutterings; hold
Thy peace! Is it a Lydian or a Phrygian slave
Thou tak'st me for, to be bluff'd off with bugbears?
Knowest thou, if Zeus annoy me further, I
His mansions and the homestead of Amphion
With fire-compelling eagles will cremate!
I'll send after *him* a flock of butcher-birds
Into the sky, drest up in panther-skins,
Six-hundred in number. There was a time when *one*
Little butcher of a giant kept him busy.—
And for you, to begin with, if you make any trouble, I'll have
The hired girl Iris iron'd out so flat,
She'll wonder where old Ironsides heats his flatiron.

Iris. You horrid old thing, I hope your words may choke you!

Pisth. Hop off, hop off, now! — quick! Shoo, shoo! Scat, scatter!

Iris. My father, I tell you, will stop your insolence!

Pisth. O, go along; won't you fly elsewhere, and preach
Incineration to some of the younger folk?

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

(στροφή)

πολλὰ δὴ καὶ κανὰ καὶ θαν-
μάστ' ἐπεπτόμεσθα καὶ
δεινὰ πράγματ' εἴδομεν. —
ἔστι γὰρ δένδρον πεφυκὸς
ἔκτοπόν τι Καρδίας ἀ-
πωτέρω, Κλεώνυμος·
χρήσιμον μὲν οὐδέν, ἀλ-
λως δὲ δειλὸν καὶ μέγα.
τοῦτο τοῦ μὲν ἥρος ἀεὶ
βλαστάνει καὶ συκοφαντεῖ,
τοῦ δὲ χειμῶνος πάλιν τὰς
ἀσπίδας φυλλορροεῖ.

(ἀντιστροφή)

ἔστι δὲ αὖ χώρα πρὸς αὐτῷ
τῷ σκότῳ πόρρω τις ἐν
τῇ λύχνων ἐρημίᾳ,
ἔνθα τοῖς ἥρωσιν ἄνθρω-
ποι ξυναριστῶσι καὶ ξύν-
εισι πλὴν τῆς ἐσπέρας.
τηνικαῦτα δὲ οὐκέτ' ἦν
ἀσφαλὲς ξυντυγχάνειν.

εἰ γὰρ ἐντύχοι τις ἥρψ
τῶν βροτῶν νύκτωρ Ὁρέστη,
γυμνὸς ἦν πληγεὶς ὑπ' αὐτοῦ
πάντα τάπιδέξια.

CHORUS.

(*strophe*)

We, in our far flighty travels,
Strange and awful curios
Have alighted on and noted.—
There's a foreign tree, which grows

Well beyond Cape *Cœur de Lion*:
It is call'd Cleonymus;
Good for nothing, yet extremely
Tall and pusillanimous.

In the spring it buds and blabs and
Exhales libel thro' the fields;
Then, when the inclement season
Comes again, it sheds its shields.

(*antistrophe*)

There's a far country, that borders
Close on Darkest Dagoland,
In the wilderness of lamp-posts,
Dreary gleams and bags of sand.

There, with demi-gods and heroes
Mortals breakfast, chat, and pour
Wine — save only in the evening;
Then the fun is safe no more.

For suppose you met Orestes,
That great hero, after dark:
His tall form would wear your garments,
Your five ribs would bear his mark.

E.

Πρ. οἵμοι τάλας, ὁ Ζεὺς ὅπως μή μ' ὅψεται.
ποῦ Πισθέταιρός ἐστ';

Πι. εἴα τουτὶ τί ἦν;
τίς ὁ συγκαλυμμός;

Πρ. τῶν θεῶν ὄρφεων τινα
ἐμοῦ κατόπιν ἐνταῦθα;

Πι. μὰ Δί' ἐγὼ μὲν οὖτις δέ εἰ σύ;

Πρ. πηνίκ' ἔστιν ἄρα τῆς ἡμέρας;
Πι. ὀπηνίκα; σμικρόν τι μετὰ μεσημβρίαν.

ἀλλὰ σὺ τίς εἶ;

Πρ. βουλυτὸς ἡ περαιτέρω;
Πτ. οἵμ' ὡς βδελύνττομαλ σε.

Πρ. ἀπαιθριάζει τὰς νεφέλας ἡ ξυννέφει;

Πι. οἴμωξε μεγάλ'.
Πρ. οὐτω μὲν ἐκκεκαλύψομαι.

Πι. ὁ φίλε Προμηθεῦ.

$$\Pi\rho.$$

SCENE V.

Enter PISTHETAERUS and PROMETHEUS, the latter hiding his head under an umbrella.

Prom. Great heavens, Zeus must not see me, for my life!
Where's Chickwin?

Pisth. Hi, what have we here? What's this
Umbrella business?

Prom. Do you see any one of the gods
Up here behind me?

Pisth. By the powers, I don't!
Who are you, anyway?

Prom. What's the time o' day?
Pisth. What's the time? A trifle past noon. But who the deuce
Are you?

Prom. Lunch time, or a little later?

Pisth. My stars,
You make me sick!

Prom. What weather is Zeus making?
Is the sky clearing off, or clouding up again?

Pisth. Go and be hang'd!

Prom. In that case I'll uncover.
Pisth. My dear Prometheus!

[Showing his face.]

Prom. Stop, stop, don't call out!

Πι. τί γὰρ ἔστι;

Πρ. σύγα, μὴ κάλει μου τοῦνομα·
ἀπὸ γάρ μ' ὄλεις, εἴ μ' ἐνθάδ' ὁ Ζεὺς ὅψεται.
ἀλλ' ἵνα φράσω σοι πάντα τάνω πράγματα,
τουτὶ λαβών μου τὸ σκιάδειον ὑπέρεχε
ἄνωθεν; ὡς ἀν μή μ' ὄρώσιν οἱ θεοί.

Πι. ίοὺ ίού·
εὐ γ' ἐπενόησας αὐτὸς καὶ προμηθικῶς.
ὑπόδυθι ταχὺ δὴ κάτα θαρρήσας λέγε.

Πρ. ἄκουε δή τυν.

Πι. ὡς ἀκούοντος λέγε.

Πρ. ἀπόδωλεν ὁ Ζεύς.

Πι. πηνίκ' ἄττ' ἀπώλετο;

Πρ. ἐξ οὐπερ ὑμεῖς φύσατε τὸν ἀέρα.
θύει γὰρ οὐδεὶς οὐδὲν ἀνθρώπων ἔτι
θεοῖσιν, οὐδὲ κυνίσα μηρίων ἄπο
ἀνῆλθεν ὡς ἡμᾶς ἀπ' ἐκείνου τοῦ χρόνου,
ἀλλ' ὡσπερεὶ Θεσμοφορίοις νηστεύομεν
ἄνευ θυηλῶν· οἱ δὲ βάρβαροι θεοὶ
πεινῶντες ὡσπερ Ἰλλυριοὶ κεκριγότες
ἐπιστρατεύειν φάσ' ἄνωθεν τῷ Διὶ,
εἰ μὴ παρέξει τὰ μπόρι' ἀνεφγμένα,
ἴν' εἰσάγοιτο σπλάγχνα κατατετμημένα.

Πι. εἰσὶν γὰρ ἔτεροι βάρβαροι θεοί τινες
ἄνωθεν ὑμῶν;

Πρ. οὐ γάρ εἰσι βάρβαροι,

Pisth. Why, what's the matter?

Prom. Hold still, don't call my name!

You'll be the death of me, if Zeus sees me here.

I'll tell you the whole state of affairs up there,
If you'll just take this parasol and hold it over us,
That the gods mayn't see me.

Pisth. Dear me, but that is

An admirable Promethean idea!

Get under, quick now; take courage, and say on.

Prom. Now listen!

Pisth. Listen it is; out with it, old man!

Prom. It is all over with Zeus!

Pisth. All over—about what time?

Prom. Ever since you settled the city in the air.

No mortal more to the gods does sacrifice;

No more does savory steam of burning meats

Ascend to us, since that unhappy day.

But, as it were thro' some long Lenten tide,

We fast and famish; while the barbarian gods

Do squeak and gibber in their hunger, and swear

They will cross over from beyond and invade

The lands of Zeus, unless we throw ports open

And start free-trade in sacrificial tid-bits.

Pisth. What, are there barbarian gods, another lot,
Over beyond you?

Prom. Why, of course there must be

ὅθεν ὁ πατρῷς ἔστιν Ἐξηκεστίδη;

Πι. ὅνομα δὲ τούτοις τοῖς θεοῖς τοῖς βαρβάροις
τί ἔστιν;

Πρ. ὁ τι ἔστιν; Τριβαλλοί.

Πι. μανθάνω.

ἐντεῦθεν ἄρα τούπιτριβείης ἐγένετο;

Πρ. μάλιστα πάντων. ἐν δέ σοι λέγω σαφές.
ἥξουσι πρέσβεις δεῦρο περὶ διαλλαγῶν
παρὰ τοῦ Διὸς καὶ τῶν Τριβαλλῶν τῶν ἄνω.
ὑμεῖς δὲ μὴ σπένδεσθ', ἐὰν μὴ παραδιδῷ
τὸ σκῆπτρον ὁ Ζεὺς τοῖσιν ὅρνισιν πάλιν,
καὶ τὴν Βασίλειαν σοὶ γυναῖκ' ἔχειν διδῷ.

Πι. τίς ἔστιν ἡ Βασίλεια;

Πρ. καλλίστη κόρη,
ἥπερ ταμιεύει τὸν κεραυνὸν τοῦ Διὸς
καὶ τάλλ' ἀπαξάπαντα, τὴν εὐβουλίαν
τὴν εὐνομίαν τὴν σωφροσύνην τὰ νεώρια
τὴν λοιδορίαν τὸν κωλακρέτην τὰ τριώβολα.

Πι. ἀπαντά γ' ἀρ' αὐτῷ ταμιεύει;

Πρ. φήμ' ἐγώ.
ἥν γ' ἡν σὺ παρ' ἐκείνου παραλάβῃς, πάντ' ἔχεις.
τούτων ἔνεκα δεῦρ' ἡλθον, ἵνα φράσαιμί σοι.
ἀεὶ ποτ' ἀνθρώποις γὰρ εὔνους εἴμ' ἐγώ.

Πι. μόνον θεῶν γὰρ διὰ σ' ἀπανθρακίζομεν.

Πρ. μισῶ δ' ἀπαντας τοὺς θεοὺς, ὡς οἰσθα σύ.

Πι. νὴ τὸν Δί' ἀεὶ δῆτα θεομισῆς ἔφυς.

Outlandish deities, to furnish forth

The pedigree of Execestides.

Pisth. And what's the name of these barbarian gods?

Prom. What is their name? Triballians.

Pisth. Ah, I see:

The source from whence all tribulations flow.

Prom. To be sure. And on one thing you may count for certain:

Ambassadors will arrive here, touching a treaty,

From Zeus and from the Triballians over beyond.

But don't you grant a truce, save on condition

That Zeus restore the sceptre to the birds

And give *you* Princess Basily to wife.

Pisth. Who is Basily?

Prom. A beautiful fair maid,

Who holds the key to the cupboard where Zeus stores

His thunderbolt and all his bric-a-brac;

His wisdom, law and order, virtuous

Intentions, ship-supplies, vituperation,

Paymasters' cheques, and cash to bribe the jury.

Pisth. She holds the key to everything, then?

Prom. Just so!

Get *her* from him, you've got the whole. I came

Expressly to advise you of this matter:—

As ever, a benefactor of mankind.

Pisth. For broiling fish our *sole* divinity!

Prom. And, as you know, a hater of all the gods!

Pisth. God knows no love was ever lost between you!

Πρ. Τίμων καθαρός. ἀλλ' ὡς ἀν ἀποτρέχω πάλιν,
φέρε τὸ σκιάδειον, ἵνα με κᾶν ὁ Ζεὺς ἵδη
ἄνωθεν, ἀκολουθεῖν δοκῶ κανηφόρῳ.

Πι. καὶ τὸν δίφρον γε διφροφόρει τονδὶ λαβών.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

(στροφή)

πρὸς δὲ τοὺς Σκιάποσιν λί-
μνη τις ἔστ', ἀλουτος οὖν
ψυχαγωγεῖ Σωκράτης·
ἔνθα καὶ Πείσανδρος ἥλθε
δεόμενος ψυχὴν ἴδειν, ἦ
ζῶντ' ἐκείνον προῦλιπε,
σφάγι' ἔχων κάμηλον ἀ-
μνόν τιν', ἡς λαιμοὺς τεμῶν
ῶσπερ οὐδυσσεὺς ἀπῆλθε,
καὶ τὸν ἀνῆλθ' αὐτῷ κάτωθεν
πρὸς τὸ λαίτμα τῆς καμήλου
Χαιρεφῶν ἦ νυκτερίς.

Prom. A Timon pure, that's me!—Now, to run back!
Hand me the sunshade; then even if Zeus in the sky
Does spy me, he'll think I'm waiting on a lady.
Pisth. Very well; and take this chair for the lady, too.

CHORUS.

(*strophe*)

By a lake, where the infernal
Shadefoot generations dwell,
Socrates, the unwash'd fakir,
Conjures spirits out of Hell.

There the blatherskite Peisander
Came, with camel lamb, to search
For the chicken-hearted spirit
That had left him in the lurch.

While, Odysseus-like, he waited
By the blood his knife had drawn,
Up to sip the camel-carnage
Popp'd the black bat, Chaerephon.

z.

Πο. τὸ μὲν πόλισμα τῆς Νεφελοκοκκυγίας
όραν τοδὶ πάρεστιν, οἱ πρεσβεύομεν.—
οὗτος τί δρᾶς; ἐπ' ἀριστέρ' οὗτως ἀμπέχει;
οὐ μεταβαλεῖς θοῖμάτιον ὥδ' ἐπιδέξια;
τι ὁ κακόδαιμον; Λαισποδίας εἰ τὴν φύσιν;
ὁ δημοκρατία ποι προβιβᾶς ἡμᾶς ποτε,
εἰ τουτούν γέ ἔχειροτόνησαν οἱ θεοί;
ἔξεις ἀτρέμας; οἴμωξε· πολὺ γάρ δή σ' ἐγὼ
ἔδρακα πάντων βαρβαρώτατον θεῶν.
ἄγε δὴ τι δρῶμεν Ἡράκλεις;

Ἕρ. ἀκήκοας
ἐμοῦ γ', ὅτι τὸν ἄνθρωπον ἄγχειν βούλομαι,
ὅστις ποτ' ἔσθ' ὁ τοὺς θεοὺς ἀποτελεῖστας.

Πο. ἀλλ' ὡγάθ' γρήμεσθα περὶ διαλλαγῶν πρέσβεις.

Ηρ. διπλασίως μᾶλλον ἄγγειν μοι δοκεῖ.
Πι. τὴν τυρόκυνηστίν τις δότω· φέρε σίλφιον

τυρὸν φερέτω τις· πυρπόλει τοὺς ἄνθρακας.
Πο. τὸν ἄνδρα χαίρειν οἱ θεοὶ κελεύομεν
τρεῖς ὄντες ἡμεῖς.

SCENE VI.

*Enter PISTHETAERUS and a Servant, POSEIDON, HERACLES,
TRIBALLUS.*

Pos. [To HERACLES.] Lo, here we have in view the capitol
Of Cloudeuckootown, whither our mission leads us.—
[To TRIBALLUS.] Here you, what's this? Do you wear your cloak one-
sided?
Can you not shift it — that way — to the right?
You wretch, are you a natural-born Laespodias?—
To what a pass, Democracy, wilt thou bring us,
If the gods could choose *this* doit for their ambassador!—
Will you hold still? — plague take you! Well you do
Beat all the barbaric gods I ever saw!—
Now, Heracles, what are we to do?

Her. You have heard
My say: this man, whoever he be, whose wall
Shuts out the gods, I vote to wring his neck.

Pos. But, my dear sir, our mission in the matter
Contemplates peace.

Her. Then twist his neck twice over!
Pisth. [To the Servant.] The cheese-grater, where is it? Bring me
some curry!
Let me have cheese here! Make the coals burn lively!
Pos. Our compliments and credentials we present,
Three gods to the mortal man.

Πι. ἀλλ' ἐπικυνῷ τὸ σίλφιον.

Ηρ. τὰ δὲ κρέα τοῦ ταῦτ' ἔστιν;

Πι. ὅρνιθές τινες
ἐπανιστάμενοι τοῖς δημοτικοῖσιν ὄρνεοις
ἔδοξαν ἀδικεῖν.

Ηρ. εἴτα δῆτα σίλφιον
ἐπικυῆς πρότερον αὐτοῖσιν;

Πι. ω χαῖρ' Ἡράκλεις.
τί ἔστι;

Πο. πρεσβεύοντες ἡμεῖς ἥκομεν
παρὰ τῶν θεῶν περὶ πολέμου καταλλαγῆς.

Πι. ἔλαιον οὐκ ἔνεστιν ἐν τῇ ληκύθῳ.

Ηρ. καὶ μὴν τά γ' ὄρνιθεια λιπάρ' εἶναι πρέπει.

Πο. ἡμεῖς τε γὰρ πολεμοῦντες οὐ κερδαίνομεν,
ὑμεῖς τ' ἀν ἡμῖν τοῖς θεοῖς ὄντες φίλοι
δομβριον ὄνδωρ ἀν εἴχετ' ἐν τοῖς τέλμασιν,
ἀλκυονίδας τ' ἀν ἥγεθ' ἡμέρας ἀεί.
τούτων περὶ πάντων αὐτοκράτορες ἥκομεν.

Πι. ἀλλ' οὐτε πρότερον πώποθ' ἡμεῖς ἥρξαμεν
πολέμου πρὸς ὑμᾶς, νῦν τ' ἐθέλομεν, εἰ δοκεῖ,
ἐάν τι δίκαιον ἀλλὰ νῦν ἐθέλητε δρᾶν,
σπουδὰς ποιεῖσθαι. τὰ δὲ δίκαι' ἔστὶν ταδί,
τὸ σκῆπτρον ἡμῖν τοῖσιν ὄρνισιν πάλιν
τὸν Δλ' ἀποδοῦναι· καν διαλλαττώμεθα
ἐπὶ τοῖσδε, τοὺς πρέσβεις ἐπ' ἄριστον καλῶ.

Pisth. Stir in the curry.

Her. Whose flesh, pray, have you there?

Pisth. A lark or two,

**Found guilty of conspiring to subvert
The bird majority.**

Her. Then do you begin
With them by stirring in curry?

Pisth. [To the Servant.] There's no oil in the cruet!—
Her. Upon my word the bird-meat seems right fat!—

Pos. For we gain nothing by prolonging it;
And you, by coming to terms with us the gods,
Would have rain-water cisterns always full
And while away no end of haleyon days.
We are empowered to settle all these points.

Pisith. As we, before, were nowise the aggressors
In the war with you, so now, if it seem best,
We will make truce, provided you can consent
Even at the eleventh hour to do what's right:—
That Zeus restore the sceptre to the birds.
If on these terms we come to an understanding,
Then I invite the ambassadors to breakfast.

Ηρ. ἐμοὶ μὲν ἀπόχρη ταῦτα καὶ ψηφίζομαι—

Πο. τί ὁ κακόδαιμον; ἡλίθιος καὶ γάστρις εἰ.
ἀποστερεῖς τὸν πατέρα τῆς τυραννίδος;

Πι. ἄληθες; οὐ γάρ μεῖζον ὑμεῖς οἱ θεοὶ
ἰσχύστετ', ἢν ὅρνιθες ἄρξωσιν κάτω;
νῦν μὲν γ' ὑπὸ ταῖς νεφέλαισιν ἐγκεκρυμμένοι
κύνφαντες ἐπιορκοῦσιν ὑμᾶς οἱ βροτοί·
ἐὰν δὲ τοὺς ὅρνις ἔχητε συμμάχους,
ὅταν ὀμνύῃ τις τὸν κόρακα καὶ τὸν Δία,
ὁ κόραξ παρελθὼν τούπιορκοῦντος λάθρᾳ
προσπτόμενος ἐκκόψῃ τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν θειών.

Πο. οὐτὸν Ποσειδῶ ταῦτα γέ τοι καλῶς λέγεις.

Ηρ. κάμοι δοκεῖ.

Πι. τί δαὶ σὺ φύς;

Τρ. ναβαισατρεῦ.

Πι. ὄρφες; ἐπαινεῖ χούτος. ἔτερόν νυν ἔτι
ἀκούσαθ' ὅσον ὑμᾶς ἀγαθὸν ποιήσομεν.
ἐάν τις ἀνθρώπων ἱερεῖόν τῷ θεῶν
εὐξάμενος εἴτα διασοφίζηται λέγων,
‘μενετοὶ θεοὶ,’ καὶ μάποδιδῷ μισητίᾳ,
ἀναπράξομεν καὶ ταῦτα.

Πο. φέρ' ἵδω τῷ τρόπῳ;

Πι. ὅταν διαριθμῶν ἀργυρίδιον τύχῃ
ἀνθρωπος οὗτος, ἡ καθῆται λούμενος,
καταπτόμενος ἵκτινος ἀρπάσας λάθρᾳ
προβάτοιν δυοῖν τιμὴν ἀνοίσει τῷ θεῷ.

Her. I find the terms satisfactory, and I vote —

Pos. What, miscreant! You senseless belly-god,
Will you throw away the kingdom of your father! —

Pisth. Really! Will you gods not be stronger than ever
Up there, if the birds come into power below?
As it is now, hiding under the clouds, men stoop
And in your holy names forswear themselves.
But, if you hold the birds in your alliance,
When a man swears by Jove and by Jim Crow,
The crow, flying up to the perjurer unawares,
Will claw his eye out at a single clip!

Pos. Now, by Poseidon, there's some sense in that!

Her. So I say.

Pisth. [To TRIBALLUS.] And you?

Trib. Gobakkyolladree.

Pisth. He, too, approves, you see.—Now one thing more
Which, to your great advantage, we shall do.
Suppose some mortal makes vow of a victim
Unto some god, then says, prevaricating,
"The gods can wait," and fails, the greedy-gut,
To pay,— *we* will collect your dues.

Pos. How so?

Pisth. Sometime, when, as it happens, this gentleman
Is counting his money or seated in the bathtub,
A kite, flying in unnoticed, will grab up
The value of *two* victims for the god!

Ἡρ. τὸ σκῆπτρον ἀποδοῦναι πάλιν ψηφίζομαι
τούτοις ἐγώ.

Πο. καὶ τὸν Τριβαλλόν νυν ἐροῦ.

Ἡρ. ὁ Τριβαλλός, οἰμώζειν δοκεῖ σοι;

Τρ. σαυνάκα

Βακταρικροῦσα.

Ἡρ. φησί μ' εὐ λέγειν πάνυ.

Πο. εἴ τοι δοκεῖ σφῆν ταῦτα, κάμοι συνδοκεῖ.
οὗτος, δοκεῖ δρᾶν ταῦτα τοῦ σκῆπτρου πέρι.

Πι. καὶ νὴ Δλ' ἔτερόν γ' ἐστὶν οὐν 'μνήσθην ἐγώ.
τὴν μὲν γὰρ Ἡραν παραδίδωμι τῷ Διί,
τὴν δὲ Βασίλειαν τὴν κόρην γυναικ' ἐμοὶ¹
ἐκδοτέον ἐστίν.

Πο. οὐ διαλλαγῶν ἐρᾶς.
ἀπίωμεν οἴκαδ' αὐθις.

Πι. ὀλίγον μοι μέλει.
μάγειρε τὸ κατάχυσμα χρὴ ποιεῖν γλυκύ.

Ἡρ. ω̄ δαιμόνι' ἀνθρώπων Πόσειδον ποὶ φέρει;
ήμειν περὶ γυναικὸς μιᾶς πολεμήσομεν;

Πο. τί δαὶ ποιῶμεν;

Ἡρ. ὅ τι; διαλλαττώμεθα.

Πο. τί δ' φέντερ'; οὐκ οἰσθ' ἔξαπατώμενος πάλαι;
βλάπτεις δέ τοι σὺ σαυτόν. ήν γὰρ ἀποθάνη
ὁ Ζεὺς παραδοὺς τούτοισι τὴν τυραννίδα,
πένητος ἔσει σύ. σοῦ γὰρ ἄπαντα γίγνεται
τὰ χρήματ', ὅσ' ἀν ὁ Ζεὺς ἀποθνήσκων καταλίπη.

Her. Once more I vote to give the sceptre back
To the birds.

Pos. Ask the Triballian now.

Her. Look here,
Triballus, would you like a licking?

Trib. Ligga
Stikkajakky.

Her. He says I speak to the point.

Pos. If you two are agreed, I acquiesce.—

[To PISTHETAERUS.] My man, we do concede the sovereignty.

Pisth. Ah, sure — there's another thing I had in mind.
Hera, the queen — I leave her in Zeus' keeping,
But the Princess Basily must be given to me
In marriage.

Pos. You don't desire a truce. Let us
Go home again.

Pisth. That concerns me little.— Hey, cook
Make sure and have a prime flavor to that sauce!

Her. Poseidon, my dear fellow, what does this mean?
Shall we have war about one woman?

Pos. What, then,
Are we to do?

Her. What do? Make peace!

Pos. Poor devil,
Don't you see you're getting cheated all this time?
You're ruining yourself. In case Zeus dies
After handing over the sceptre to the birds,
You will be a pauper! You are the heir, of course,
To all the property Zeus leaves at his death.

Πι. οἵμοι τάλας οἰόν σε περισοφίζεται.
δεῦρ' ὡς ἔμ' ἀποχώρησον, ἵνα τί σοι φράσω.
διαβάλλεται σ' θεῖος ω πόνηρε σύ.
τῶν γὰρ πατρών οὐδὲ ἀκαρῆ μέτεστί σοι
κατὰ τοὺς νόμους· νόθος γὰρ εἰ κού γνήσιος.

Ηρ. ἐγὼ νόθος; τί λέγεις;

Πι. σὺ μέντοι νὴ Δία
ῶν γε ξένης γυναικός. ή πῶς ἀν ποτε
ἐπίκληρον εἶναι τὴν Ἀθηναίαν δοκεῖς,
οὐσαν θυγατέρ', ὅντων ἀδελφῶν γνησίων;

Ηρ. τί δ' ἡν ὁ πατὴρ ἐμοὶ διδῷ τὰ χρήματα
νοθεῖ ἀποθνήσκων;

Πι. οὐ νόμος αὐτὸν οὐκ ἔη.
οὐτος ὁ Ποσειδῶν πρώτος, δος ἐπαίρει σε νῦν,
ἀνθέξεται σου τῶν πατρών χρημάτων
φάσκων ἀδελφὸς αὐτὸς εἶναι γνήσιος.
έρω δὲ δὴ καὶ τὸν Σόλωνός σοι νόμον·

‘νόθῳ δὲ μὴ εἶναι ἀγχιστείαν παιῶν ὅντων
γνησίων. ἐὰν δὲ παιῶν μὴ ὡσι γνήσιαι, τοῖς
ἐγγυτάτῳ γένους μετεῖναι τῶν χρημάτων.’

Ηρ. ἐμοὶ δ' ἄρ' οὐδὲν τῶν πατρών χρημάτων
μέτεστιν;

Πι. οὐ μέντοι μὰ Δία. λέξον δέ μοι,
ηδη σ' ὁ πατὴρ εἰσήγαγ' ἐς τοὺς φράτερας;

Ηρ. οὐ δῆτ' ἐμέ γε. καὶ δῆτ' ἐθαύμαζον πάλαι.

Πι. τί δῆτ' ἄνω κέχηνας αἴκειαν βλέπων;

Pisth. [To HERACLES.] Merciful Heaven, how he is coming it over
you!—

Step aside to me here, until I tell you something.
Your uncle is putting a trick on you, you lout!
Of your father's property not a blessed cent
Is yours by law; you're illegitimate.

Her. I illegitimate! What?

Pisth. Yes, by great Zeus!
You had a foreign mother. Athena is heiress,
As everybody knows; and how could that be,
If she, being daughter, had legitimate brothers?

Her. But what if my father bequeath to me his estate
As bastard-legacy?

Pisth. The law forbids him!
The very first counter-claim of all would come
From Poseidon here, who is hounding you on now,
Averring that he's the testator's lawful brother.
I will quote you the law of Solon on this point.

"Sec. 1903. Moreover it is herein provided that to a son illegitimate
there shall belong no right of inheritance if there be sons legitimate; if
there be no sons legitimate the nearest of kith and kin shall share the
estate."

Her. Then does there fall to me no share at all
Of the patrimony?

Pisth. None at all! Look here,
Did your father have you registered and christen'd?

Her. Hell, no! I always wondered what he meant by it!

Pisth. Then what are you glaring at, you bag-punching bully?

ἀλλ' ἦν μεθ' ἡμῶν ἦς, καταστήσας σ' ἐγὼ
τύραννον ὄρνιθων παρέξω σοι γάλα.

Ηρ. δίκαιοι ἔμοιγε καὶ παλαι δοκεῖς λέγειν
περὶ τῆς κόρης, καγγωγε παραδίδωμι σοι.

Πι. τί δαὶ σὺ φύς;

Πο. τάναντία ψηφίζομαι.

Πι. ἐν τῷ Τριβαλλῷ πᾶν τὸ πρᾶγμα. τί σὺ λέγεις;

Τρ. καλάνι κόραυνα καὶ μεγάλα βασιλιναῦ
δρυτο παραδίδωμι.

Ηρ. παραδοῦναι λέγει.

Πο. μὰ τὸν Δί' οὐχ οὐτός γε παραδοῦναι λέγει,
εἰ μὴ βαβάζει γ' ὕσπερ αἱ χελιδόνες.

Πι. οὐκοῦν παραδοῦναι ταῖς χελιδόσιν λέγει.

Πο. σφὸν νῦν διαλλάττεσθε καὶ ξυμβαίνετε
ἐγὼ δ', ἐπειδὴ σφὸν δοκεῖ, συγήσομαι.

Ηρ. ἡμῖν ἀλέγεις σὺ πάντα συγχωρεῖν δοκεῖ.
ἀλλ' ἵθι μεθ' ἡμῶν αὐτὸς ἐς τὸν οὐρανόν,
ἴνα τὴν Βασίλειαν καὶ τὰ πάντα ἐκεῖ λάβης.

Πι. ἐς καιρὸν ἄρα κατεκόπησαν οὗτοι
ἐς τοὺς γάμους.

Ηρ. βούλεσθε δῆτ' ἐγὼ τέως
ὸπτῷ τὰ κρέα ταυτὶ μένων; ὑμεῖς δ' ἵτε.

Πο. ὀπτῷς τὰ κρέα; πολλήν γε τευθείαν λέγεις.
οὐκ εἰ μεθ' ἡμῶν;

Ηρ. εὖ γε μένταν διετέθην.

Πι. ἀλλὰ γαμικὴν χλαυίδα δότω τις δεῦρο μοι.

But—side with us, I'll get you an appointment
As policeman, and give you pigeon's milk in plenty.

Her. [Aloud.] For my part, your demand again seems fair,
About the princess, and I'm ready to grant it.

Pisth. [To POSEIDON.] Well, what do you say?

Pos. I give my vote against it.

Pisth. All turns upon TRIBALLUS. What say you, now?

Trib. Boofadamsambiggabasalinnny
Andovabiddibus.

Pisth. He says, Hand her over.

Pos. Not he! he doesn't say, Hand over, unless
It's the language of the Twitterers that he's talking.

Pisth. He means, then, Hand her over to the twitterers.

Pos. [To HERACLES and TRIBALLUS.] You two may make your treaty
and your truce;

And I, since 'tis your pleasure, will keep silent.

Her. [To PISTHETAERUS.] To all your propositions we are agreed.
But go with us now, in person, up to Heaven,
To take your winnings and your bride Basily.

Pisth. 'T was a timely guillotining of these birds,
For the marriage feast.

Her. Suppose I stay behind
And see to the broiling, while you go ahead!

Pos. To the broiling! It's the bolting, glutton, you'd see to!
Come along with us.

Her. And a precious plight to come to!

Pisth. Ho, there! let some one bring me a wedding-garment!

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

(ἀντιστροφή)

ἔστι δὲ ἐν Φαναύσι πρὸς τὴν
Κλεψύδρα πανούργον ἐγ-
γλωττογαστόρων γένος,
οἱ θερίζοντες τε καὶ σπεί-
ρουσι καὶ τρυγῶσι ταῖς γλώτ-
ταισι συκάζοντες τε·
βάρβαρος δὲ εἰσὶν γένος,
Γοργύαι τε καὶ Φέλιππαι.
κάπο τῶν ἐγγλωττογαστό-
ρων ἐκείνων τῶν Φιλίππων
πανταχοῦ τῆς Ἀττικῆς ἡ
γλώττα χωρὶς τέμνεται.

CHORUS.

(antistrophe)

In the Blackmail region, not far
From the Fount of Windy Lungs,
Flourishes a pettifogging
Beastly tribe of Bellytongues.

While their clapperjack is clucking
They are raking in the dough,
Philip-pups and Gorgi-asses,
Offspring of Barbarigo.

At all Attic sacrifices,
Where the bones are strewn about,
You can pick up belly-blabbers
Lying with their tongues cut out.

Η.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

Αγ. ω πάντ' ἀγαθὰ πράττοντες, ω μείζω λόγου,
ω τρισμακάριον πτηνὸν ὀρνίθων γένος,
δέχεσθε τὸν τύραννον ὀλβίοις δόμοις.
προσέρχεται γὰρ οἷος οὐτε παμφαῆς
ἀστὴρ ἵδειν ἔλαμψε χρυσανγεῖ δόμῳ,
οὐθ' ἡλίου τηλανγὲς ἀκτίνων σέλας
τοιοῦτον ἔξελαμψεν, οίον ἔρχεται
ἔχων γυναικὸς κάλλος οὐ φατὸν λέγειν,
πάλλων κεραυνόν, πτεροφόρον Διὸς βέλος.
ὸσμὴ δ' ἀνωνύμαστος ἐς βάθος κύκλου
χωρεῖ, καλὸν θέαμα· θυμιαμάτων δ'
αὐραι διαφαίρουσι πλεκτάνην καπνοῦ.
οὐδὲ δὲ καύτος ἐστιν. ἀλλὰ χρὴ θεᾶς
Μούσης ἀνοίγειν ἴερὸν εὐφῆμον στόμα.

SCENE VII.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O ye all-fortunate, more than tongue can tell!
O feather'd tribes, thrice-blessed, welcome now
Your lord and master to his happy home.
How doth he come, more radiant than the beam
Of some effulgent star in house of gold!
Not the ray'd brilliance of the far-flashing sun
Hath shone like him, who draws nigh with his bride
Of beauty ineffable, whilst in his hand he wields
Zeus' weapon, the wing-tufted thunderbolt.
Unspeakable fragrance into the welkin's depth
Rises, a wondrous sight; and incense-coils
Float idly on the weird smoke-flapping breezes.—
But lo, behold himself! 'Tis time to ope
The Muse's holy all-propitious mouth.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ἄναγε δίεχε πάραγε πάρεχε.
περιπέτεσθε
τὸν μάκαρα μάκαρι σὸν τύχα.
ὦ φεῦ φεῦ τῆς ὥρας, τοῦ κάλλους.

ΚΟΡΤΦΑΙΟΣ.

ὦ μακαριστὸν σὺ γάμον τῆδε πόλει γῆμας
μεγάλαι μεγάλαι κατέχουσι τύχαι
γένος ὄρνιθων διὰ τόνδε τὸν ἄνδρα.

ἀλλ' ὑμεναίσις
καὶ νυμφιδίοισι δέχεσθ' ὥδαις
αὐτὸν καὶ τὴν Βασίλειαν.

Enter PISTHETAERUS, BASILY, and train.

CHORUS.

Fall in, fall out; fly right-about;
Waft wide the airy portal:
With whirring wings and feathery flings
Surround the happy mortal!

O! O! O! what a beauteous bride
Is that disporting by his side!

LEADER OF CHORUS.

All-hail, O thou who blest
This city of a nest
With a divine alliance!—
Immense, immense the luck
The feather'd tribes have struck,
Soaring by *his* science!

Greet now with hymeneal shout,
Chorals of the wedding-rout,
Him and his Basily.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

(στροφή)

“Ηρά ποτ’ Ὁλυμπίᾳ
τῶν ἡλιβάτων θρόνων
ἀρχοντα θεοῖς μέγαν
Μοῖραι ἔννεκοίμσαν
ἐν τοιῷδ’ ὑμεναίφ.
‘Υμὴν δὲ ‘Υμέναι’ δ.

(ἀντιστροφή)

ὁ δὲ ἀμφιθαλῆς Ἔρως
χρυσόπτερος ἡνίας
ηὔθυνε παλιντόνους,
Ζηνὸς πάροχος γάμων
τῆς τ’ εὐδαιμόνος Ἡρας.
‘Υμὴν δὲ ‘Υμέναι’ δ.

CHORUS.

(*strophe*)

Once upon a time the Fates
 Queenly Hera thus did bring
To the most august of mates,
 The high-thron'd Olympian king;
Sounding *their* praise even so,
 Hymen Hymenaeus O!

(*antistrophe*)

Gold-wing'd Eros was best man,
 Tight the cherub drew the reins,
Guiding an immortal span
 Over the celestial plains;
Happy Hera long ago!
 Hymen Hymenaeus O!

ΠΙΣΘΕΤΑΙΡΟΣ.

ἐχάρην υἱούς, ἐχάρην φίδιον·
ἀγαμαι δὲ λόγων. ἄγε νν αὐτοῦ
καὶ τὰς χθονίας κλήσατε βροντὰς
τάς τε πυρώδεις Διὸς ἀσπεροπὰς
δεινόν τ' ἀργῆτα κεραυνόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ὦ μέγα χρύσεον ἀστεροπῆς φάος,
ὦ Διὸς ἀμβροτον ἔγχος πυρφόρον.

ὦ χθόνιαι βαριαχέες
ομβροφόροι θ' ἄμα βρονταί,
αἰς ὅδε νῦν χθόνα σείει,
δῖα δὲ τὰ πάντα κρατήσας
καὶ πάρεδρον Βασίλειαν ἔχει Διός.
‘Υμὴν ὦ ‘Υμέναι’ ὦ.

PISTHETAERUS.

With your songs, with your hymns,
I'm delighted, I'm sure:
Many thanks for your words!—
 Sing, now, straight on and glorify
 Our red lightnings of the sky;
 Our dread thunder-peals, that break
 Till the black Earth seems to quake.

CHORUS.

How gorgeous the gleam of the gold-twisted flashes!
 How awful the flame of the fierce thunderbolt,
With its cracks and its crashes,
 By Zeus brandish'd of old!

O, ye rumbling thunders grand,
 Cloudbursts of the mountain-brow,
This great conqueror puts his hand
 To your fulminations now;
Basily ordains it so,
 Hymen Hymenaeus O!



χαίρετε ἀπτῆνες.

I.

To a wonderful new sight
We, the birds, hereby invite
All you earthy creeping things,
Everybody without wings.
If you will behave, you may
Come into our nest to-day;
Sit round us in natty rows,
Wearing your best Sunday clothes;
Look as much like spick-and-span
Jugs and flower-pots as you can.
Welcome to the wingless.

II.

How is this, old Walk-on-legs,
For a place to warm our eggs?
Something more than sticks and straw—
Finer than you ever saw!
We drop down here from the air,
You may crawl in anywhere.
No, there is no need to rush,
And be sure you do not push
Into the wrong piece of pie
Just because you cannot fly!
Welcome to the wingless.

III.

O, you want to know, no doubt,
How birds ever did make out
To fence in the atmosphere
And fling up this airy here!
That can be learnt from no other
Than our little fairy-mother;
You are here now, not to ask
Idle questions, but to bask—
And be baked—a little while
In the sunshine of our smile.
Welcome to the wingless.

IV.

We think, when we bring our show
To an end and let you go,
After everyone has heard
The jokes of the Dicky bird
And has seen the winged man
Waltzing with a pelican,
You will be apt to remark,
There was *never* such a lark
As when Pop Chickwin was crowned
In the merry-go-half-round!
Welcome to the wingless.